SILVER SURFER
15¢
10 NOV
SKY-RIDER OF THE SPACEWAYS!
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
THE SILVER SURFER™
MARVEL COMICS GROUP
A WORLD HE NEVER MADE!

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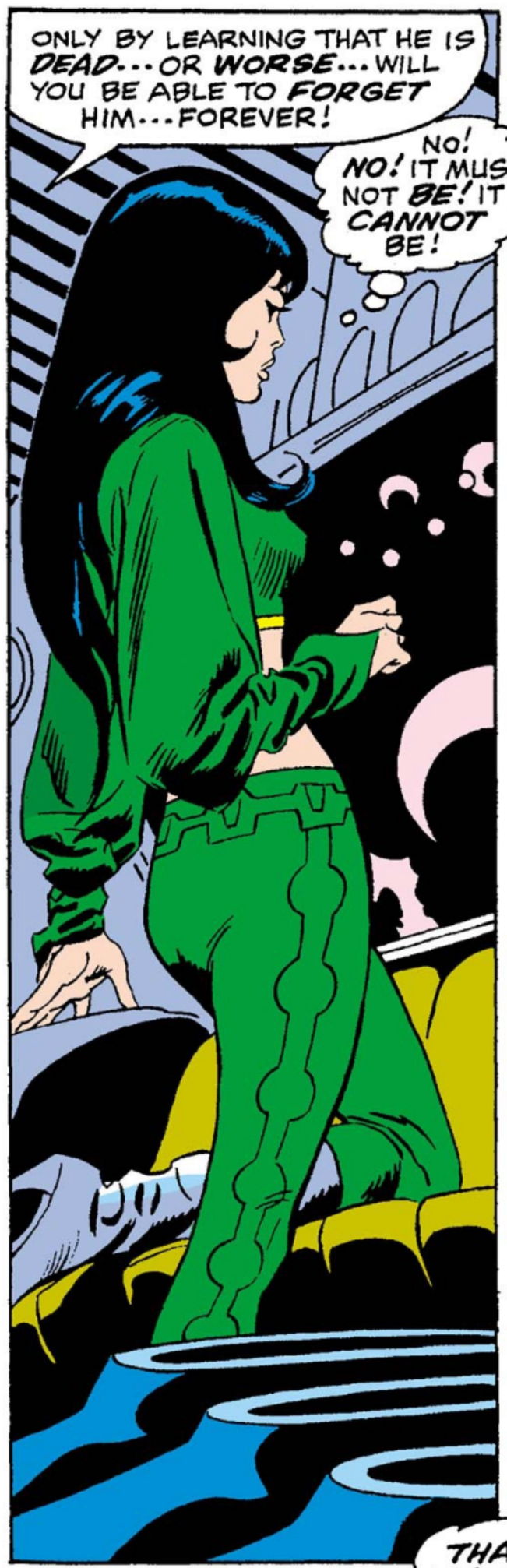
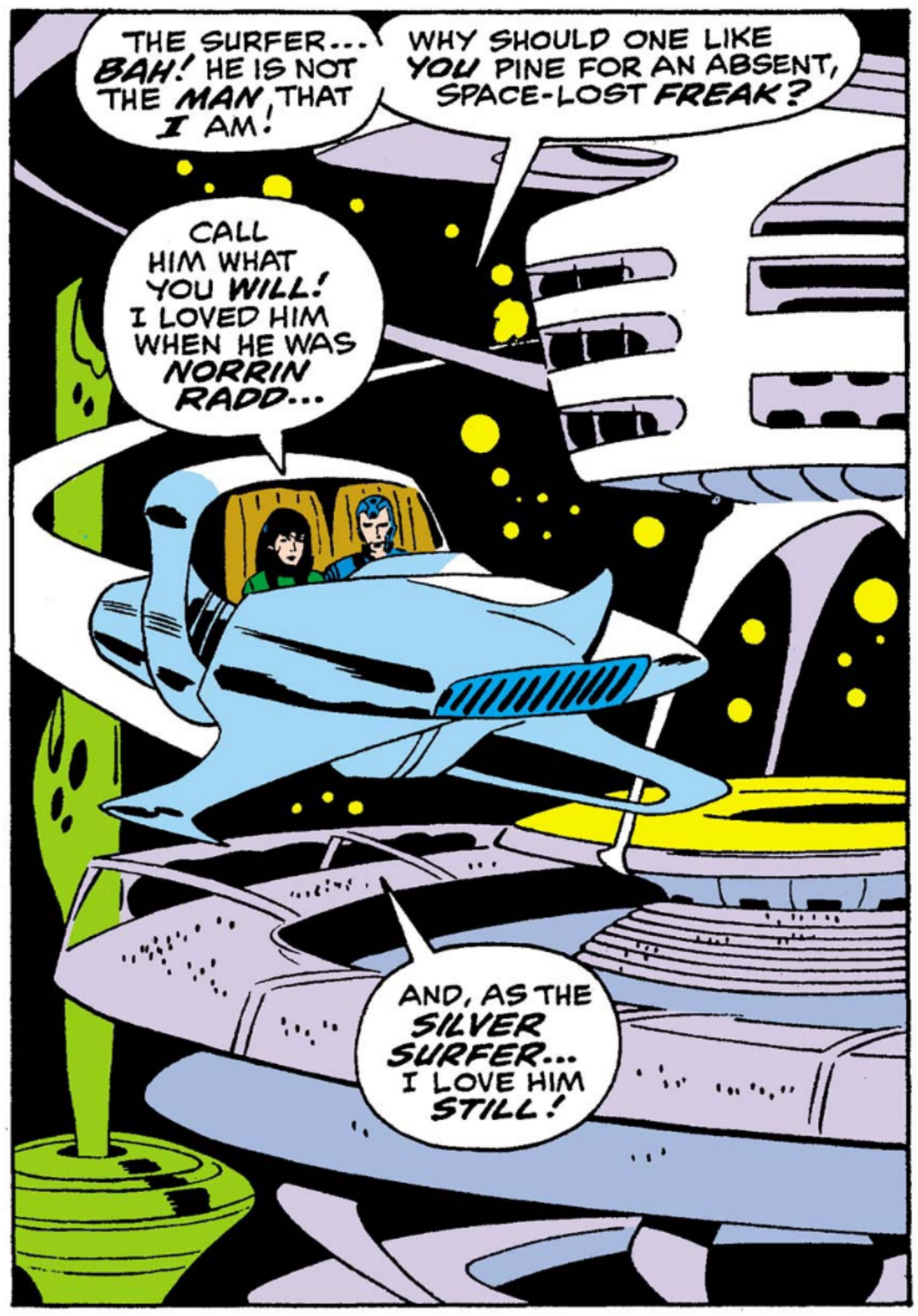

ONLY BY LEARNING THAT HE IS DEAD... OR WORSE... WILL YOU BE ABLE TO FORGET HIM... FOREVER!
NO! NO! IT MUST NOT BE! IT CANNOT BE!

AND, ONLY WHEN YOU HAVE FORGOTTEN HIM... WILL YOU LEARN TO LOVE ME! ONLY THEN WILL YOU AGREE TO BE THE BRIDE OF YARRO GORT!
YARRO GORT IS ALL THAT I HATE... ALL THAT I DESPISE IN A MAN!
HE IS EVIL... HE IS CUNNING... WITH A HEART AS COLD AS IT IS MERCILESS!

AND YET, IN ALL OF ZENN LA, ONLY HE HAS THE SCIENTIFIC SKILL TO TAKE ME TO NORRIN RADD!
THAT IS WHY I LET HIM SPEAK TO ME OF LOVE--- THOUGH THE VERY SOUND OF HIS VOICE STABS ME LIKE A DAGGER!

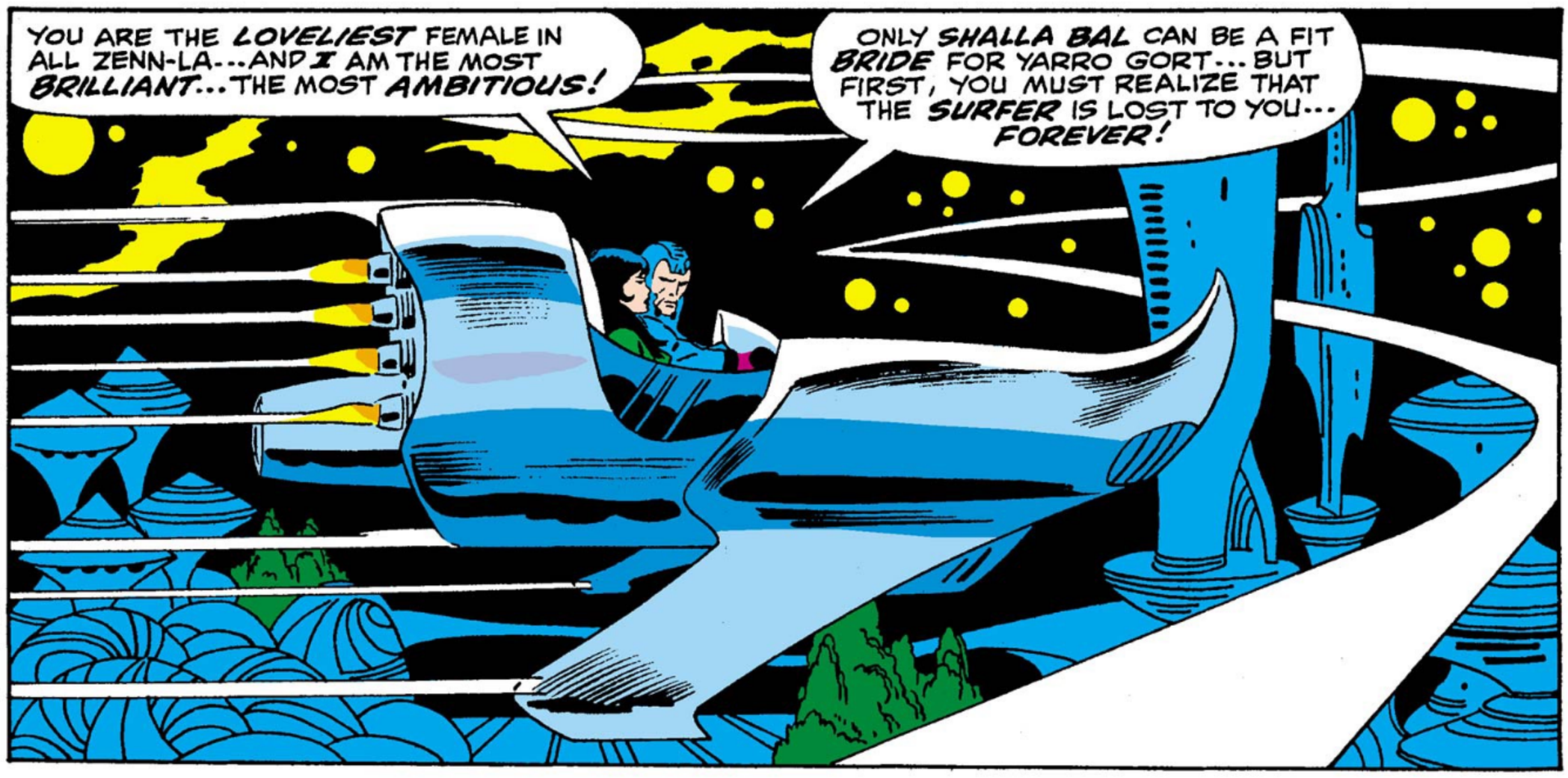
AND THAT IS WHY I FIRST CAME TO HIM... OFFERED TO WORK AS HIS ASSISTANT... IN THE ONLY SPACE LAB ON THE PLANET!
NONE BUT YARRO GORT CAN BUILD A SHIP THAT MIGHT REACH EARTH!

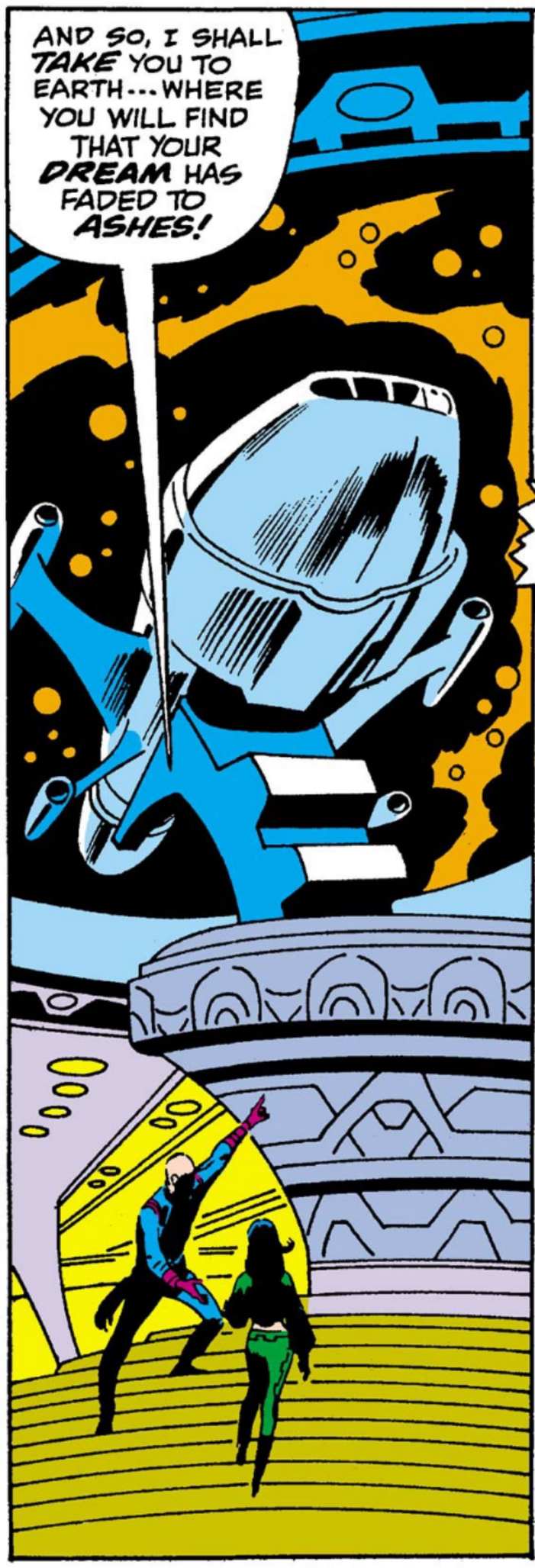
OUR PLANET IS AN ANCIENT WORLD...A WEARY WORLD...WHERE MEN HAVE LOST THE ZEST FOR HIGH ADVENTURE!
BUT I AM DIFFERENT! I STILL POSSESS THE SELFSAME SPARK WHICH DROVE NORRIN RADD TO OUTER SPACE!
YES, I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE PLANET EARTH!
THEN YOU MUST! FOR I MUST FIND THE SILVER SURFER!


THE SURFER... BAH! HE IS NOT THE MAN THAT I AM!
WHY SHOULD ONE LIKE YOU PINE FOR AN ABSENT, SPACE-LOST FREAK?
CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL! I LOVED HIM WHEN HE WAS NORRIN RADD...
AND, AS THE SILVER SURFER... I LOVE HIM STILL!

HE LEFT ZENN-LA TO SAVE US FROM THE DREADED GALACTUS...THOSE MANY MOONS AGO!
HE SACRIFICED ALL THAT OUR PLANET MIGHT LIVE!
HE WAS A FOOL! HE CHOSE TO BE A MARTYR OUT OF WEAKNESS... NOT STRENGTH!
AND THE PRICE HE MUST PAY IS ETERNAL EXILE...UPON THE SAVAGE EARTH!

BUT, SURELY HE NO LONGER LIVES! HOW CAN ONE LONE ALIEN SURVIVE THE DANGERS OF A HOSTILE WORLD?
HE LIVES! THOUGH WE ARE GALAXIES APART...MY HEART WOULD KNOW IF HE SHOULD DIE!
3.


YOU ARE THE LOVELIEST FEMALE IN ALL ZENN-LA---AND I AM THE MOST BRILLIANT...THE MOST AMBITIOUS!
ONLY SHALLA BAL CAN BE A FIT BRIDE FOR YARRO GORT... BUT FIRST, YOU MUST REALIZE THAT THE SURFER IS LOST TO YOU... FOREVER!


AND SO, I SHALL TAKE YOU TO EARTH---WHERE YOU WILL FIND THAT YOUR DREAM HAS FADED TO ASHES!

FOR, EVEN IF HE LIVES... HE NEEDS COMPANIONSHIP! HE WILL HAVE FORSAKEN YOU BY NOW---HE WILL HAVE FOUND ANOTHER!
NO!

IF YOU FIND THAT HE HAS BEEN UNFAITHFUL... WILL YOU SWEAR TO BE MY OWN!
IF NORRIN RADD NO LONGER LOVES ME---IT WILL NOT MATTER WHAT BECOMES OF SHALLA BAL!

AND NOW, AS EARTH DRAWS NEARER... I TREMBLE IN FEAR... FOR I CANNOT KNOW WHAT I SHALL FIND!

AT THAT VERY INSTANT, ATOP THE TOWERING EAST RIVER BRIDGE, WE SEE...
C'MON, FELLA... LET'S TALK IT OVER! YOU DON'T REALLY WANT TO JUMP!
KEEP BACK! STAY AWAY FROM ME! DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!

LOOK, I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BUGGIN' YOU... BUT IT CAN'T BE THAT BAD!
IT'S NO USE! I'LL NEVER REACH HIM IN TIME!

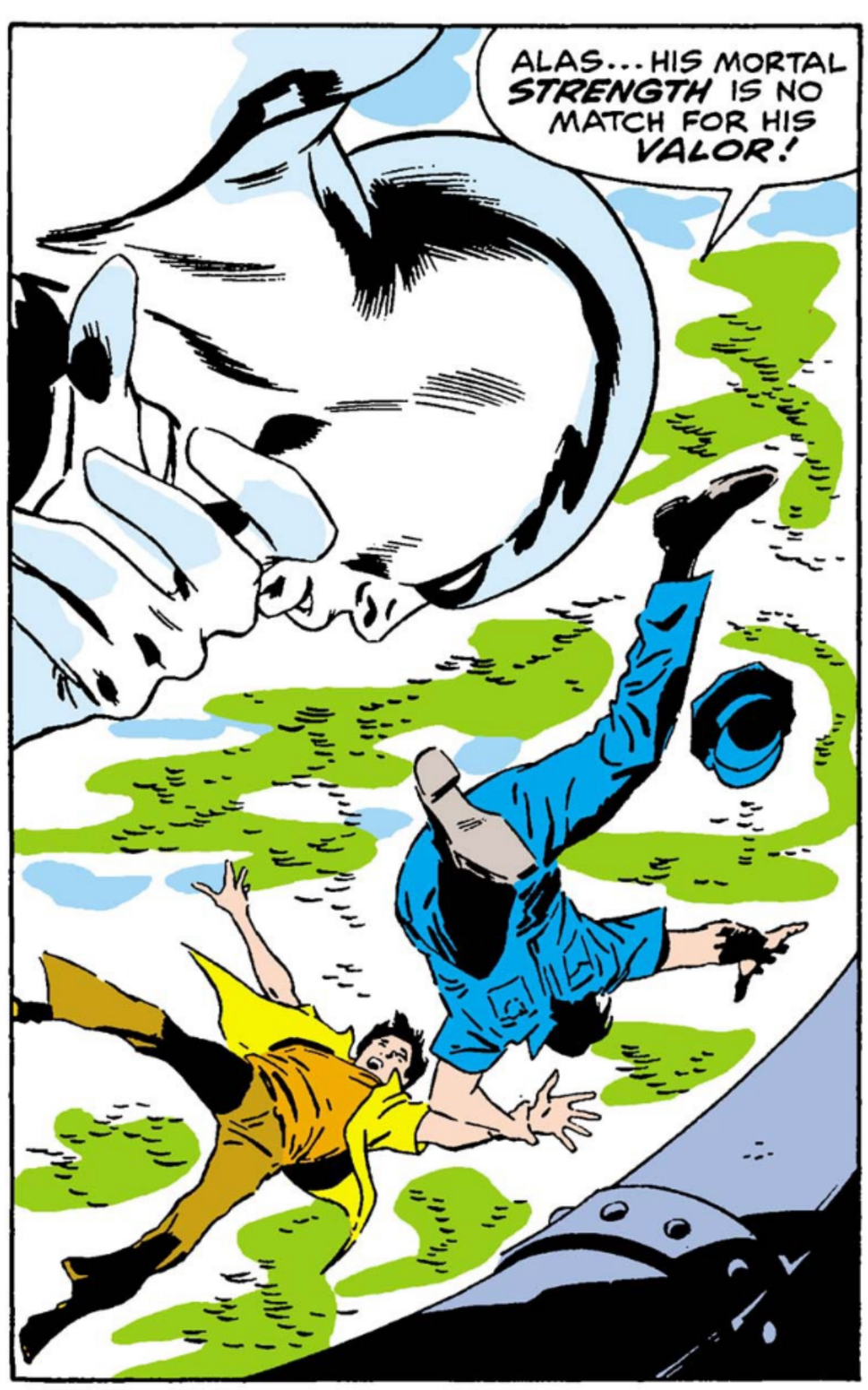
WHILE, THOUSANDS OF FEET OVERHEAD, THE SHARPEST EYES OF ANY MORTAL SUDDENLY BEHOLD...
A CROWD-- GATHERING ON THE BRIDGE BELOW!
TWO FIGURES ...HIGH ABOVE ...AND ONE ABOUT TO LEAP!

THOUGH THE HUMANS FEAR AND HATE ME... I MUST AID THEM IF I CAN!

EVEN NOW HE STARTS TO LOSE HIS FOOTING!
MY ONLY CHANCE IS COSMIC SPEED!

BUT WAIT! THE OFFICER HAS SEIZED HIM!

STOP! DON'T STRUGGLE... YOU'RE...GONNA PULL US BOTH OVER


ALAS...HIS MORTAL STRENGTH IS NO MATCH FOR HIS VALOR!

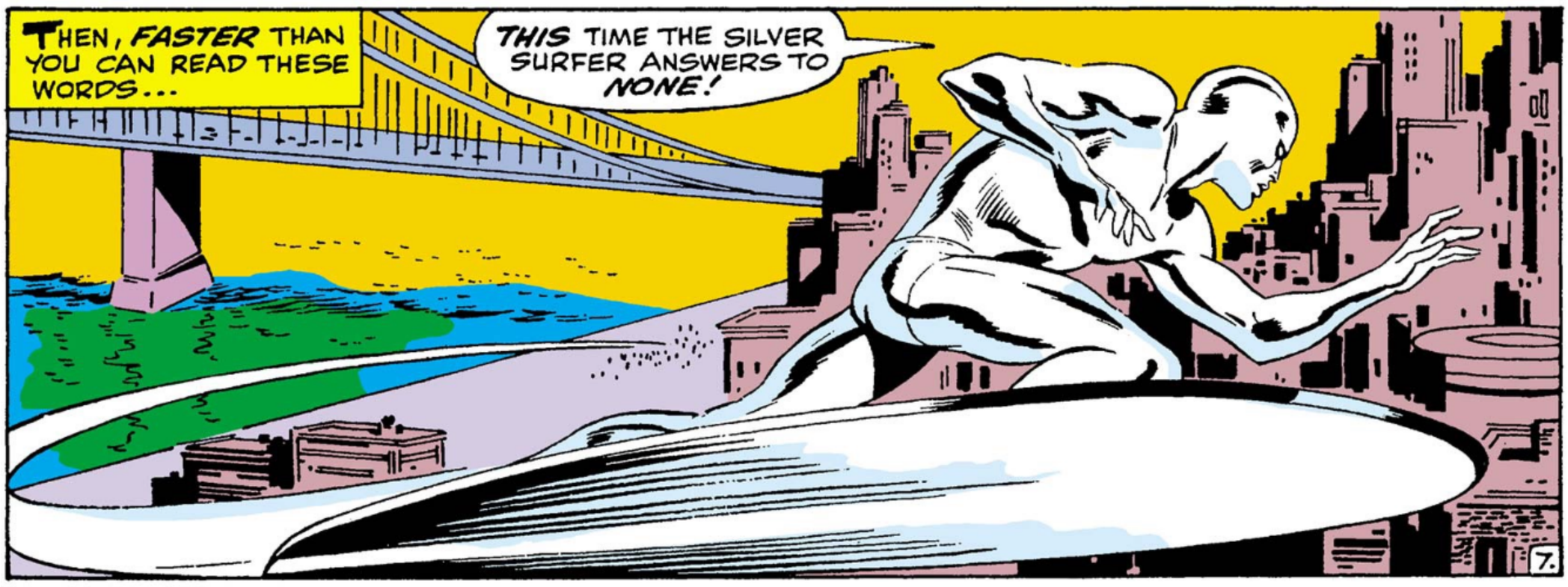
BUT LUCKILY, THERE STILL IS TIME...!

PERHAPS THIS WILL CONVINCE THE HUMAN RACE...
THAT THE SILVER SURFER MEANS NO HARM!

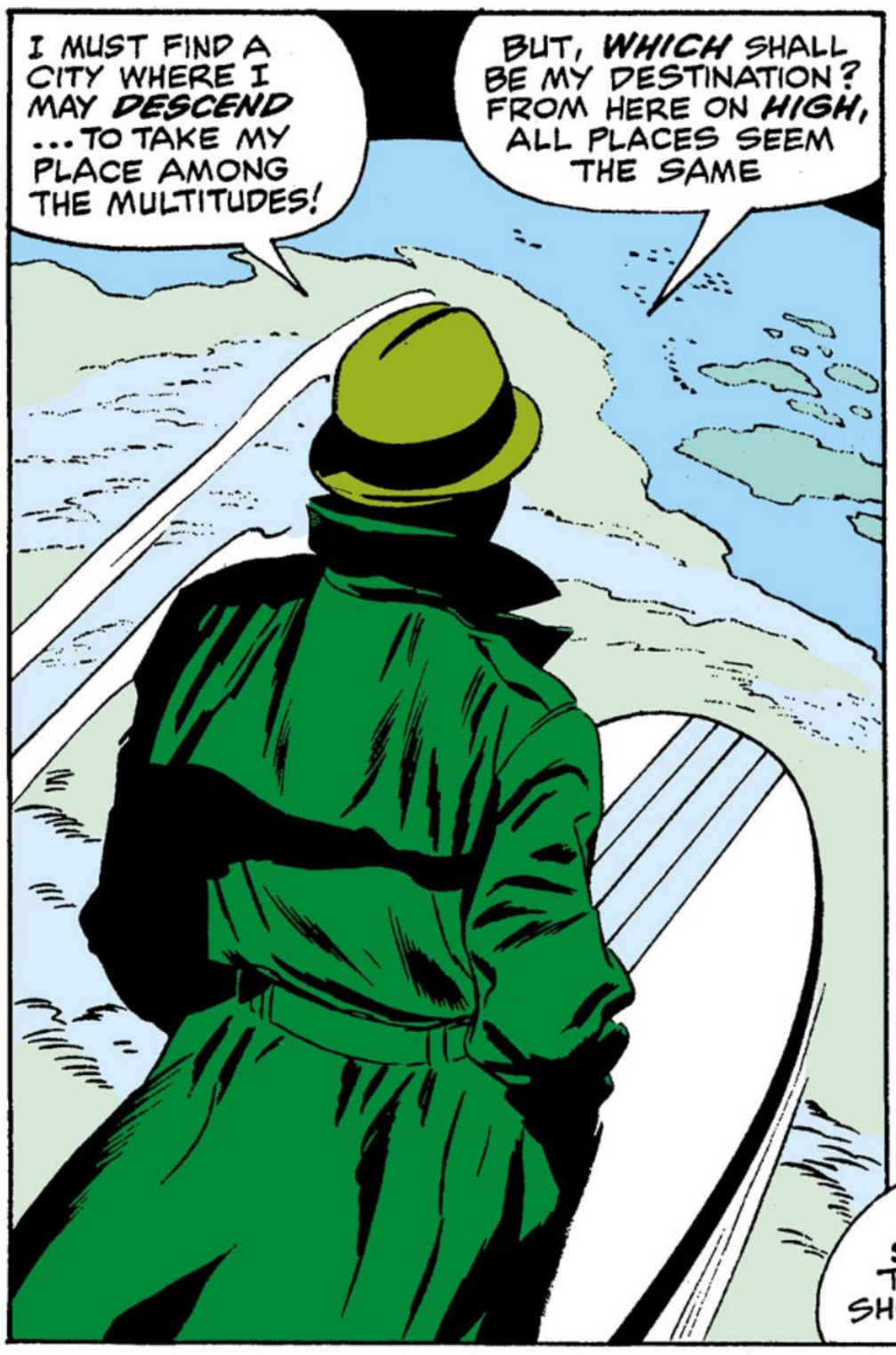
GENTLY NOW... GENTLY... I MUST BRING THEM TO THE GROUND BELOW!

SECONDS LATER...
I...DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY! IF NOT FOR YOU...!
YOU LOOK AT ME...WITH EYES THAT HOLD NO HATE! THAT IS ENOUGH!

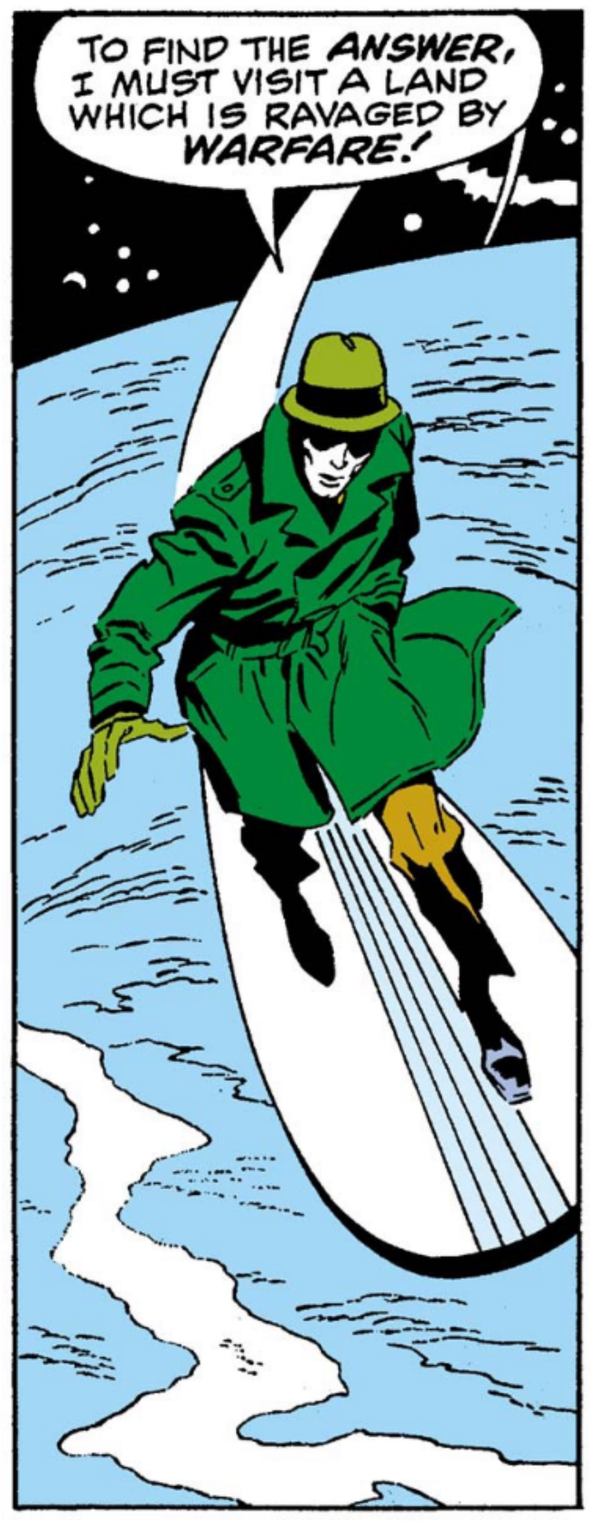
BUT THEN...
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, MISTER...BUT...
IT'S THE SURFER... THE SAME GUY WHO ALMOST TORE THIS TOWN APART A FEW MONTHS AGO!
SOMEBODY GRAB HIM! NO ONE WILL BE SAFE WITH HIM RUNNING AROUND LOOSE!
AND SO...IT BEGINS AGAIN!


THEN, FASTER THAN YOU CAN READ THESE WORDS...
THIS TIME THE SILVER SURFER ANSWERS TO NONE!

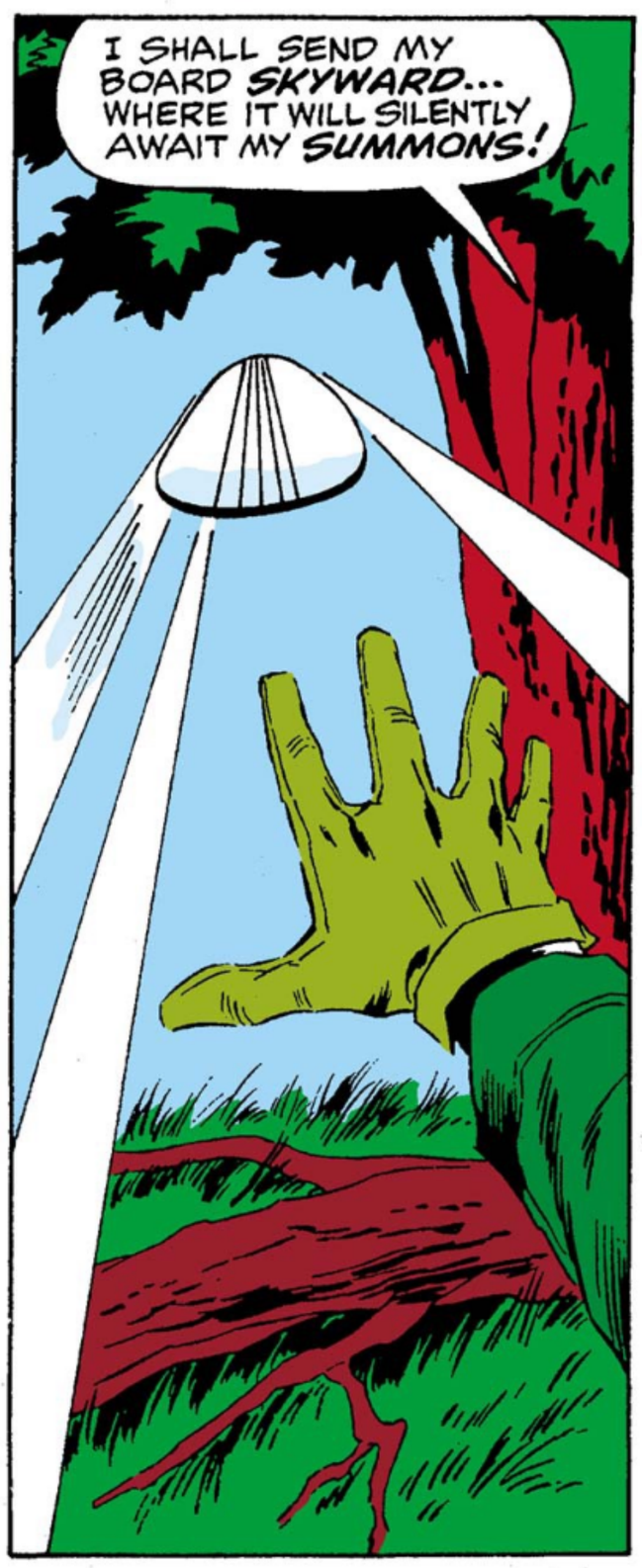
WHY DO THE EARTHMEN REFUSE TO TRUST THOSE WHO ARE ALIEN ...THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT?
IF I AM TO REMAIN A PRISONER UPON THIS VIOLENT WORLD, I MUST SOLVE THAT MYSTERY...
SOMEHOW... I MUST LEARN TO UNDER-STAND THE HUMAN RACE!
AND STANDING BELOW ME... I SEE A WAY TO FIND THE ANSWER!
THERE! THE CABIN OF AL HARPER, WHERE I HAD LEFT THE CLOTHES I WORE WHEN I PROWLED THRU THE STREETS TO STOP THE STRANGER!*
*AS SEEN IN SILVER SURFER #5 --- STAN.
SINCE THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE VALIANT HUMAN, NONE HAS ENTERED HIS RUSTIC, HIDDEN RETREAT! ALL IS JUST AS WE LEFT IT!
AND, ONCE AGAIN THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO DON EARTHLY ATTIRE!
WITHIN THE POCKETS--- EVEN THE MONEY REMAINS!
MONEY! WHAT MONUMENTAL CRIMES HAVE BEEN COMMITTED FOR THE WANT OF IT!
AND NOW TO FACE WHAT WELL MAY BE MY GREATEST CHALLENGE---
I SHALL WALK AMONG MEN---IN AN EFFORT TO FATHOM THEIR MADNESS!


I MUST FIND A CITY WHERE I MAY DESCEND ...TO TAKE MY PLACE AMONG THE MULTITUDES!
BUT, WHICH SHALL BE MY DESTINATION? FROM HERE ON HIGH, ALL PLACES SEEM THE SAME

IF ONLY THOSE WHO WOULD WAGE WAR COULD SEE THEIR PLANET AS I BEHOLD IT...
SO FERTILE AND FAIR... SO LUSH... SO LOVELY!
HOW DARE THEY MAKE A SHAMBLES OF THIS WORLD WHICH SHOULD BE...PARADISE?


TO FIND THE ANSWER, I MUST VISIT A LAND WHICH IS RAVAGED BY WARFARE!

ALAS, UPON THIS TROUBLED GLOBE, THERE ARE MANY SUCH LANDS!


I SHALL SEND MY BOARD SKYWARD... WHERE IT WILL SILENTLY AWAIT MY SUMMONS!

AND SO, THE GRIM CHARADE BEGINS!

I AM IN A TOWN UPON THE CONTINENT CALLED SOUTH AMERICA!
BUT WHY ARE THE STREETS DESERTED?

HALT! NO ONE MAY BE OUTDOORS DURING CURFEW HOURS BY ORDER OF THE OCCUPYING ARMY!

HE HAS THE LOOK OF A SABOTEUR!
WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES! LET US SHOOT HIM!

MURDERERS! YOU WILL KILL NO MORE!
SCALDING WATER ... POURED FROM A WINDOW ABOVE!

KRAK!
KRAK!
WHEN WILL YOU ENEMY DOGS LEARN NOT TO TURN UPON YOUR MASTERS??
SHOOT THEM! SHOOT THEM!! IT IS AN ACCURSED UNDERGROUND PLOT!

I HAVE SEEN ENOUGH!
SAVAGES, BEGONE!
I KNOW NOT HOW YOU DID THAT... BUT YOU MUST GET OFF THE STREET!
IN HERE... QUICKLY!
THEY HAVE CAPTURED OUR LAND... TAKEN OUR FREEDOM... BUT THEY WILL NEVER CRUSH OUR SPIRIT!
DAUGHTER! THIS IS NOT A TIME FOR SPEECHES!
MY MOTHER IS RIGHT! I AM DONNA MARIA PEREZ, AND YOU ARE WELCOME IN OUR HOME!
NOW WE MUST KNOW ... WHO IS THE SEÑOR?
11.

I AM A STRANGER TO YOUR... STOP!
LET US MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE, SEÑOR, AND... WHAT IS WRONG?

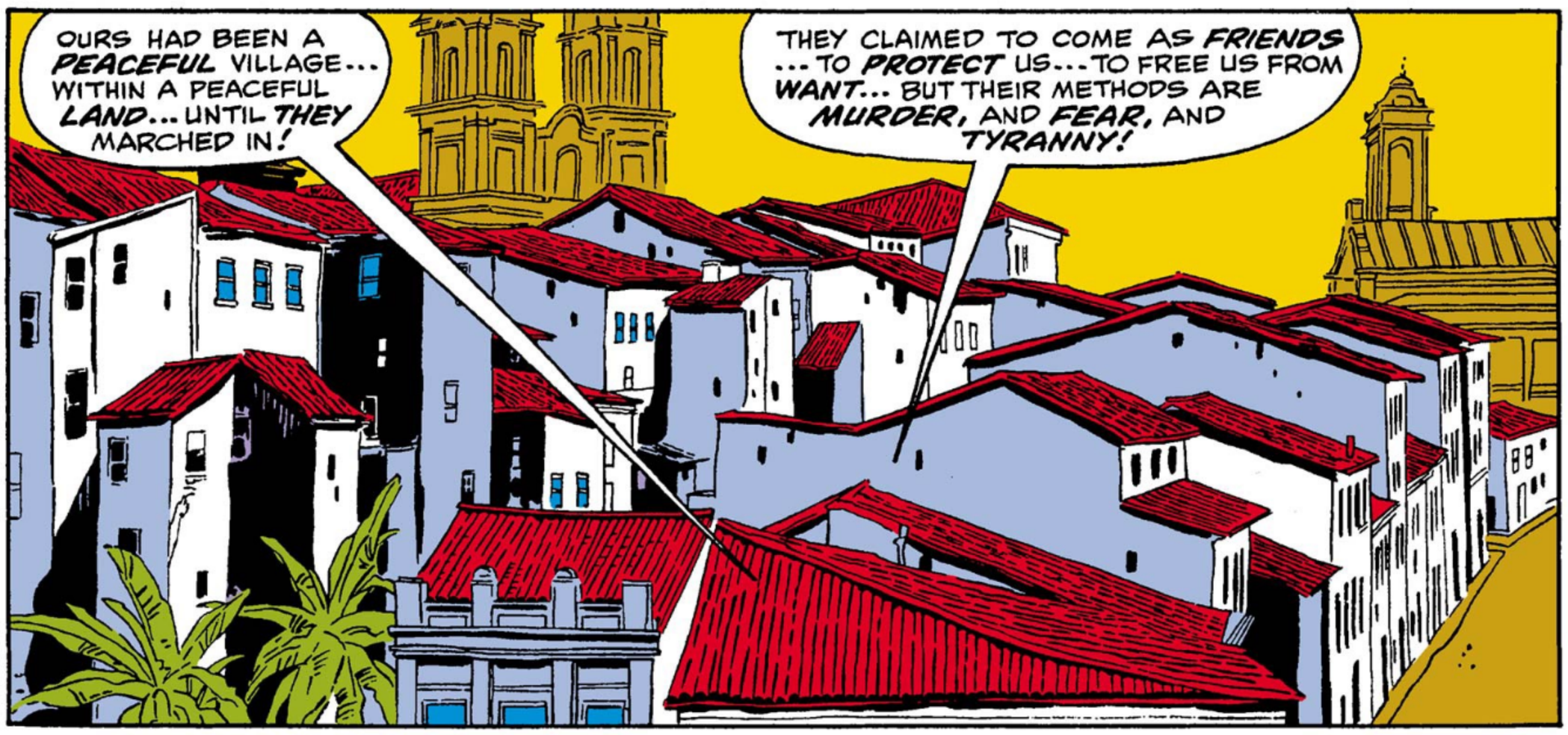
STAY BACK! YOU MUST NOT LOOK UPON MY FACE!
IF WE BOTH FIGHT THE COMMON ENEMY... WE MUST TRUST EACH OTHER!

TRUST? WHAT DO HUMANS KNOW OF SUCH A WORD?
HIS FACE! I HAVE SEEN IT BEFORE... IN THE YANKEE NEWSPAPER!
YOU ARE... THE SILVER SURFER!

EVEN HERE... EVEN IN A LAND WHERE MY HELP IS SORELY NEEDED... I SEE THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES! THAT LOOK OF SHOCK... AND FEAR... AND NAMELESS LOATHING!

MOTHER... SEE! HE IS WEARY... AND IS SICK AT HEART!

WE BEG YOUR FORGIVENESS, SEÑOR! WE DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE... ONE SUCH AS YOU!
BUT, WE DO NOT... WE COULD NOT FEAR YOU HALF AS MUCH... AS THOSE WHO HAVE ENSLAVED US!

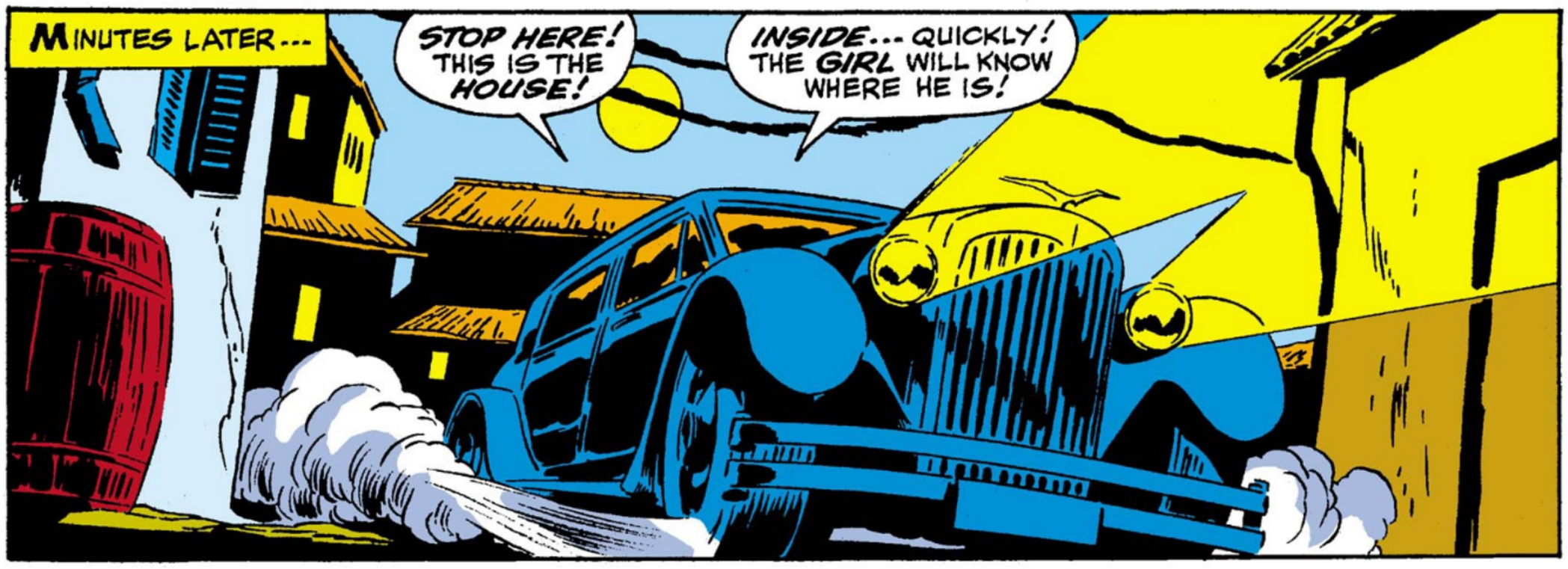

OURS HAD BEEN A PEACEFUL VILLAGE... WITHIN A PEACEFUL LAND... UNTIL THEY MARCHED IN!
THEY CLAIMED TO COME AS FRIENDS ...TO PROTECT US...TO FREE US FROM WANT... BUT THEIR METHODS ARE MURDER, AND FEAR, AND TYRANNY!

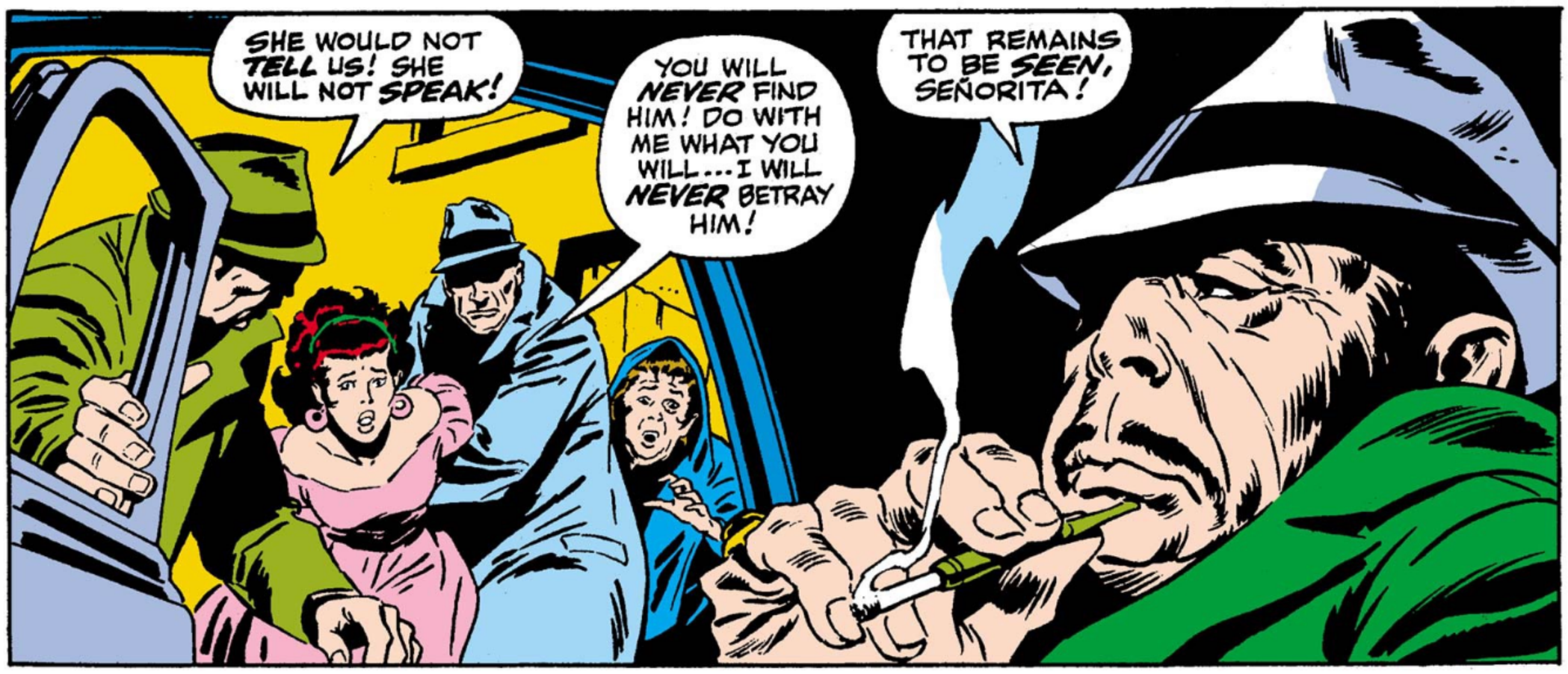
BUT NOW YOU MUST HIDE! YOU WILL BE SAFE HERE... WITHIN OUR HIDDEN ATTIC!
I WILL WAIT DOWN-STAIRS...FOR THEY ARE CERTAIN TO RETURN!

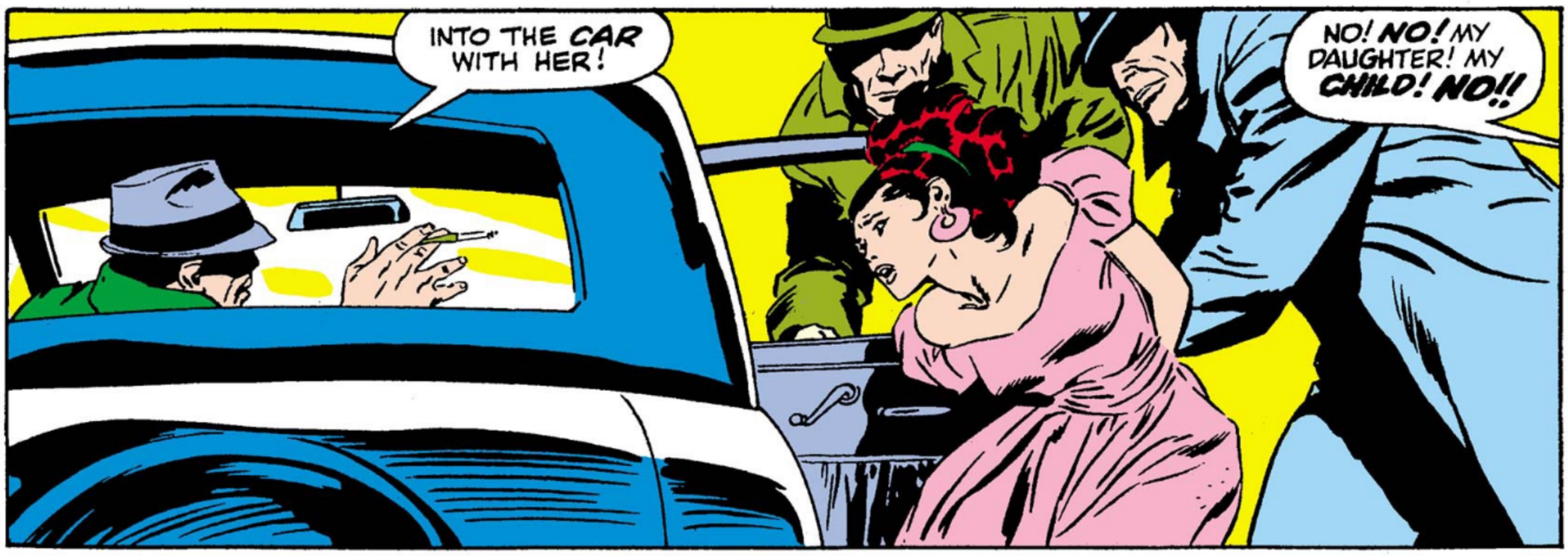
IT IS THE SAME SENSELESS STORY I HAVE SEEN SO OFTEN! INVASION! OCCUPATION! RESISTANCE! DEATH...AND MORE DEATH!

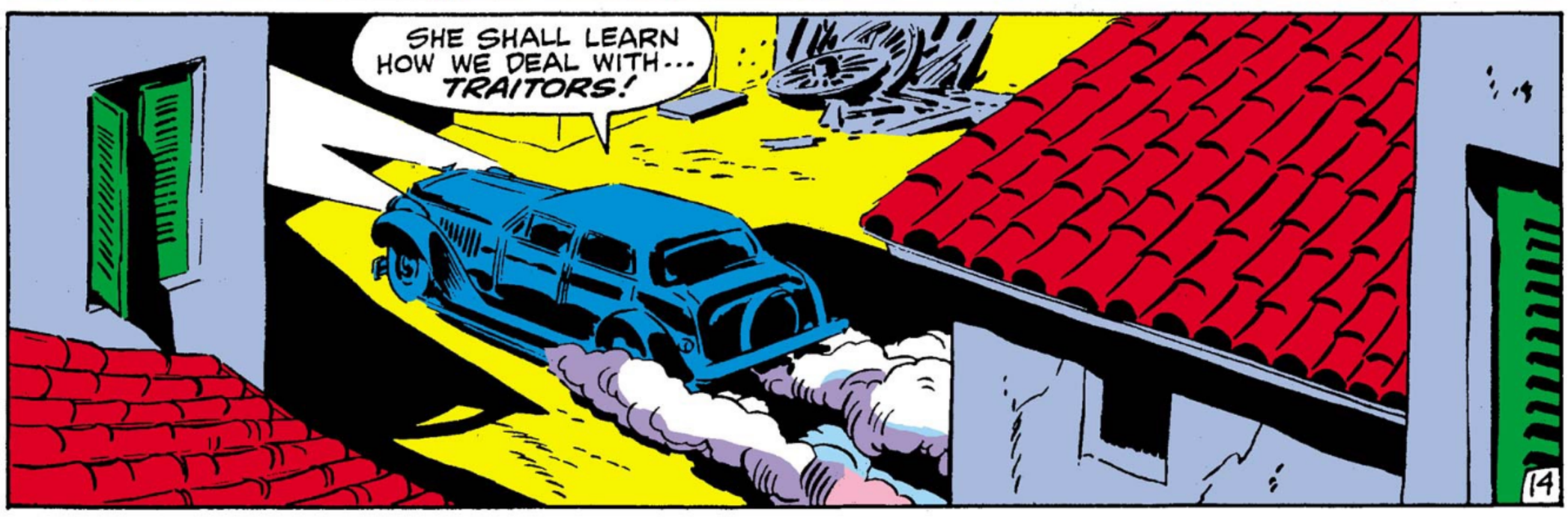
WHEN WILL IT EVER END? WHEN WILL MEN EVER LEARN?

SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME, THEIR HISTORY HAS TAUGHT THAT NONE EVER PROFIT FROM VIOLENCE...AND THE WAGES OF WARFARE ARE DEATH!
AND YET THEY PERSIST... AND STILL THEY CONTINUE! BUT WHY? WHY? WHY?
WHAT IS THE ONE HUMAN FACTOR THAT MAKES THEM INSANE?


MINUTES LATER...
STOP HERE! THIS IS THE HOUSE!
INSIDE... QUICKLY! THE GIRL WILL KNOW WHERE HE IS!


SHE WOULD NOT TELL US! SHE WILL NOT SPEAK!
YOU WILL NEVER FIND HIM! DO WITH ME WHAT YOU WILL... I WILL NEVER BETRAY HIM!
THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN, SEÑORITA!

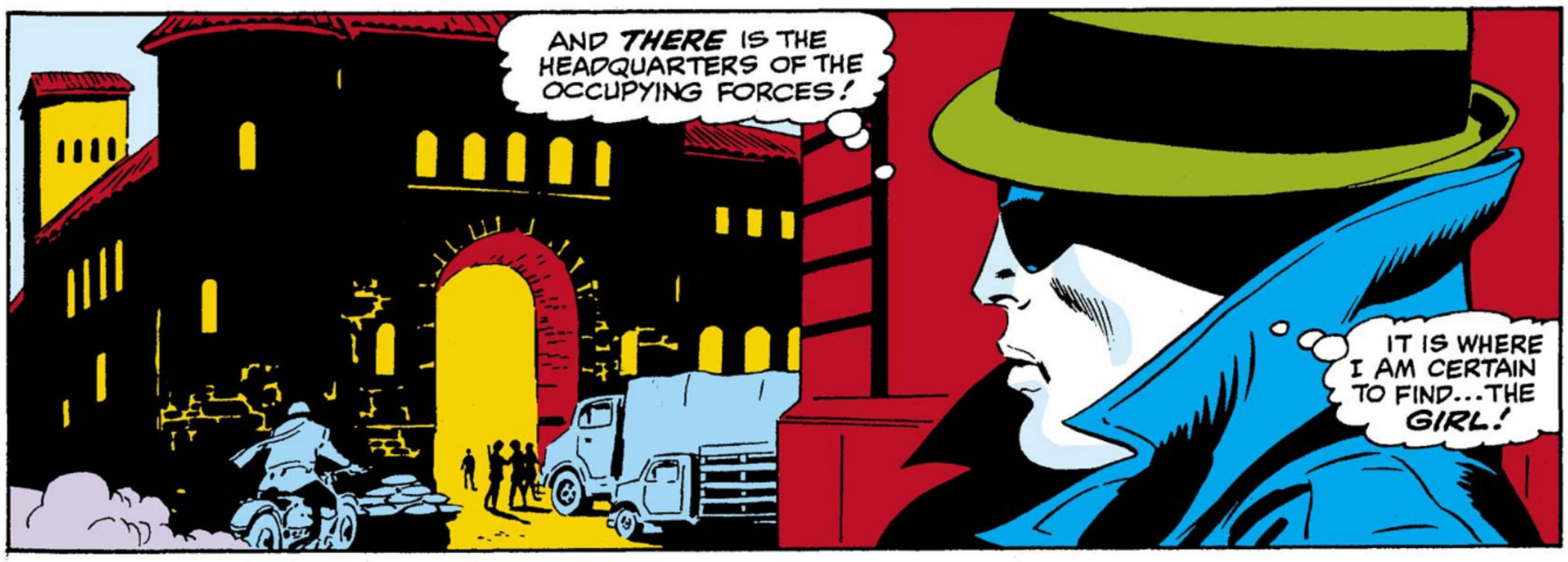

INTO THE CAR WITH HER!
NO! NO! MY DAUGHTER! MY CHILD! NO!!


SHE SHALL LEARN HOW WE DEAL WITH... TRAITORS!

WHAT WAS THAT NOISE... LIKE THE SOUND OF A STRUGGLE?
THEY HAVE TAKEN HER! THEY HAVE TAKEN MY DONNA MARIA!

IT WAS BECAUSE OF ME! IF SHE HAD NOT ATTEMPTED TO SAVE ME...!
NO, NO, SEÑOR! DO NOT BLAME YOURSELF! IT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED ...SOONER OR LATER! ONE SUCH AS SHE... COULD NEVER LIVE UNDER THE HEEL OF A TYRANT!
YOU MUST HAVE FAITH! I WILL GO TO HER!

NO HEART IS AS LOVING ...AS TRULY UNSELFISH... AS THAT OF A MOTHER!
HOW DIFFERENT THE WORLD WOULD BE... IF NATIONS WERE RULED BY SUCH AS SHE!

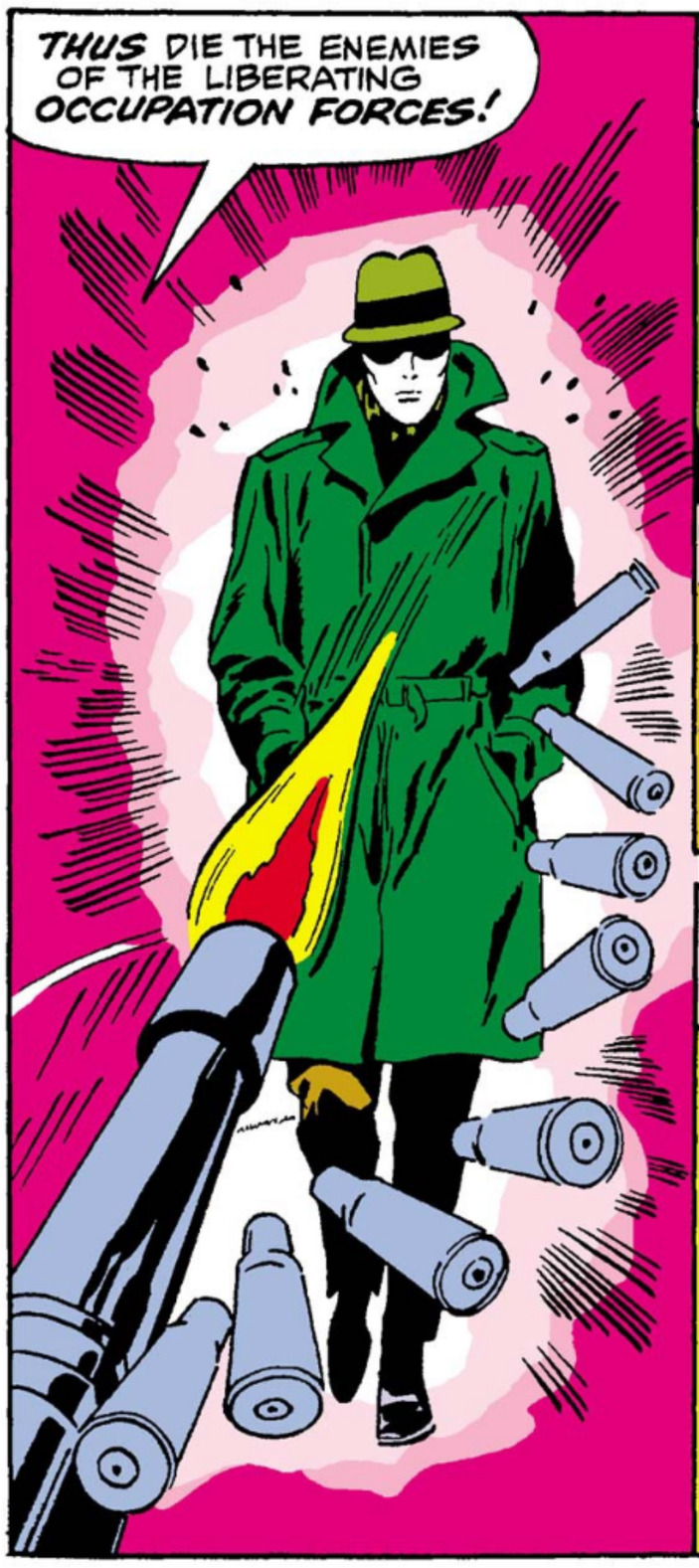

AND THERE IS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE OCCUPYING FORCES!
IT IS WHERE I AM CERTAIN TO FIND...THE GIRL!

YOU HAVE A PRISONER NAMED DONNA MARIA! TAKE ME TO HER!
WHO ARE YOU TO ORDER US?
HIS FACE! IS IT A MASK HE WEARS?

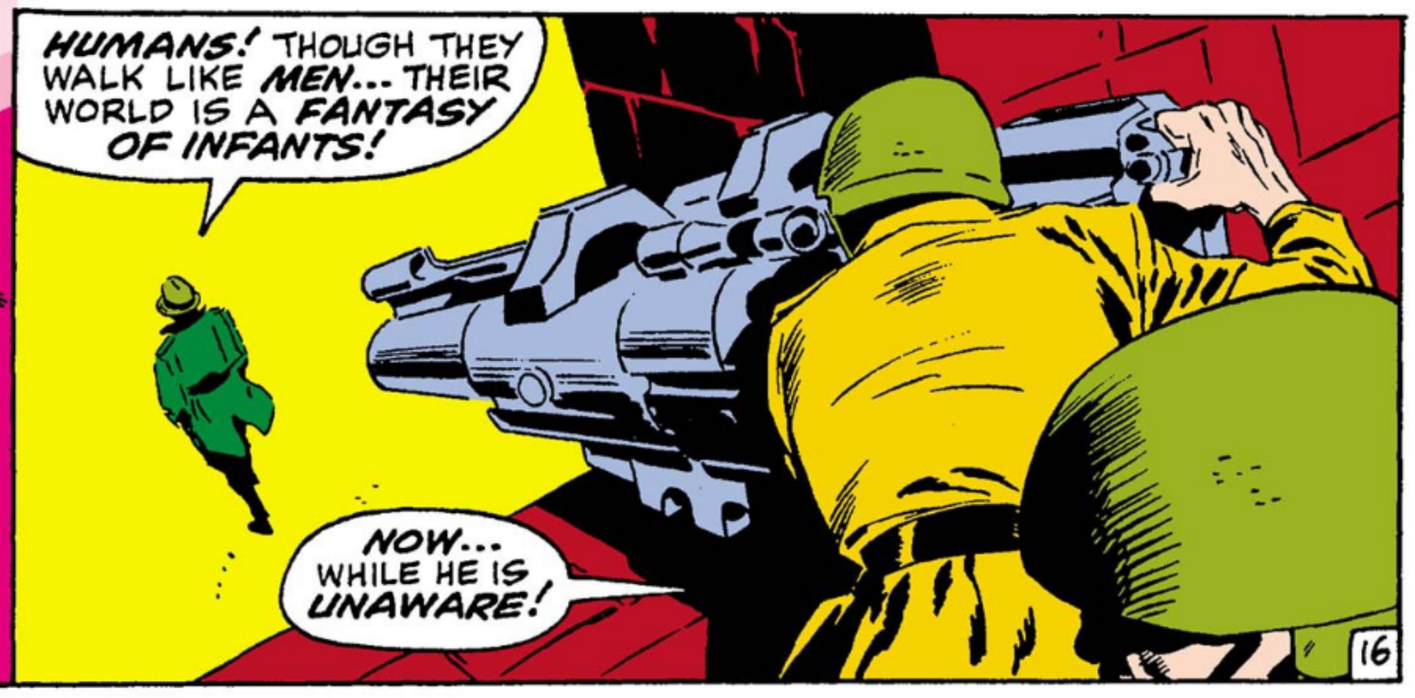
WAIT A MINUTE! HOW DID HE GET OUT HERE... IN THE STREET... DURING CURFEW HOURS?

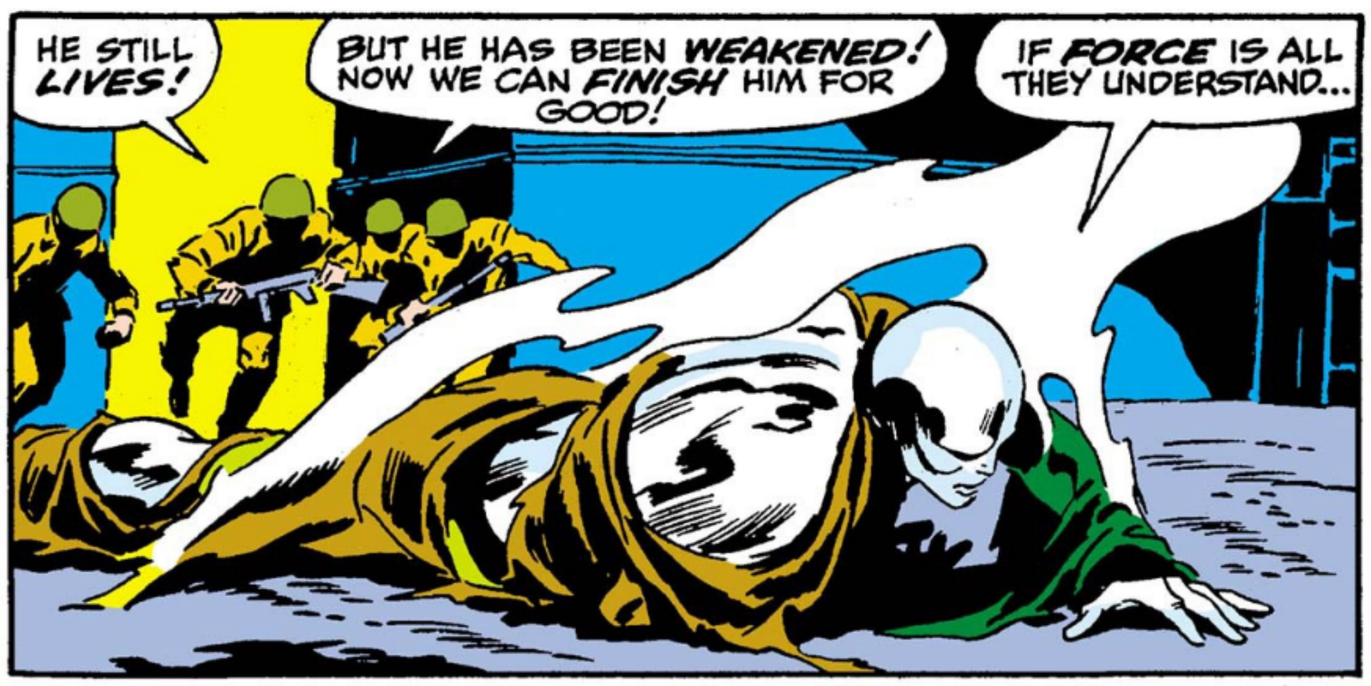
FOOLS!! DO YOU NOT KNOW WHO HE IS? IT IS THE ONE WHO ATTACKED US EARLIER... THE ONE WITH A STRANGE, MYSTIC POWER!

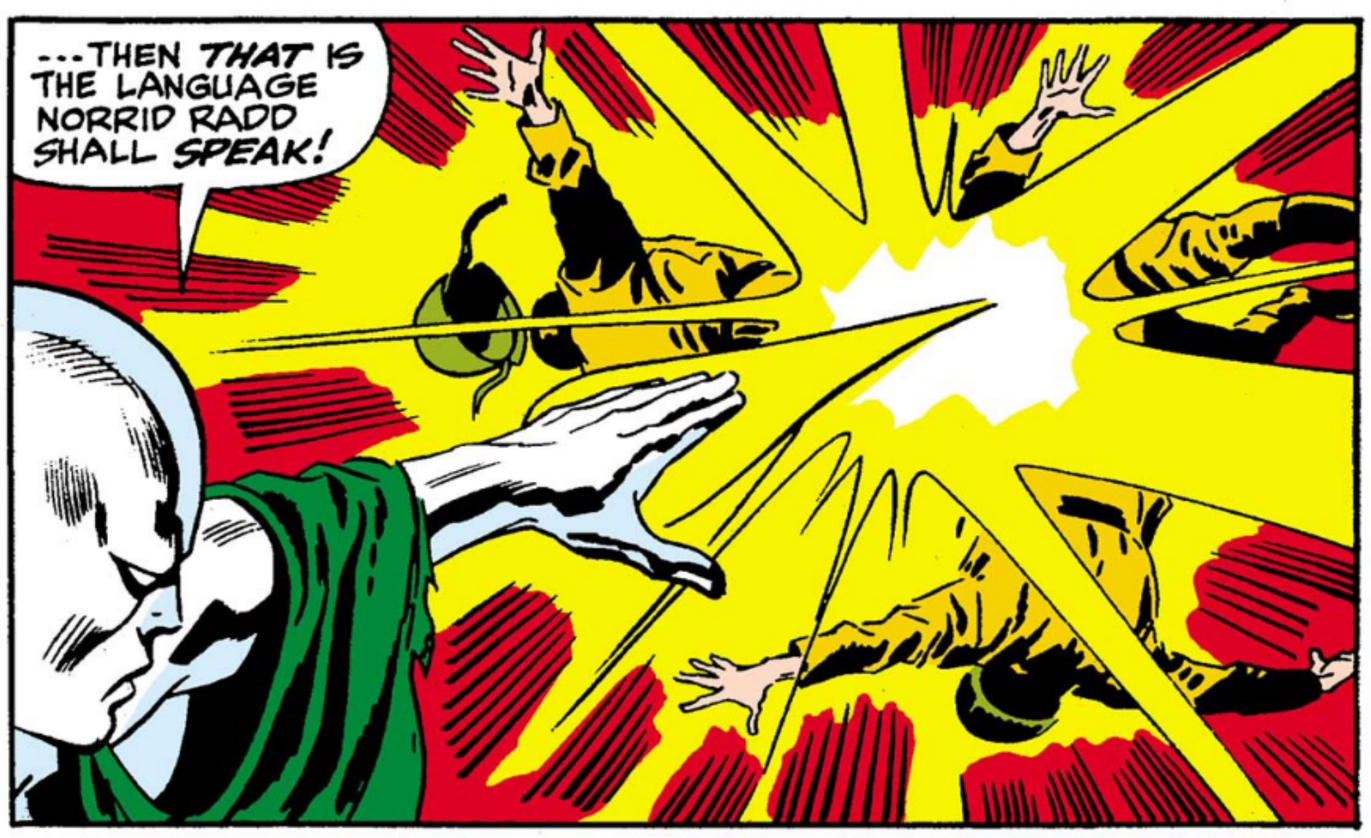
BUT NO POWER CAN SAVE HIM FROM THE VENGEANCE I WILL NOW INFLICT!
YOUR GUN! GIVE IT TO ME... NOW!

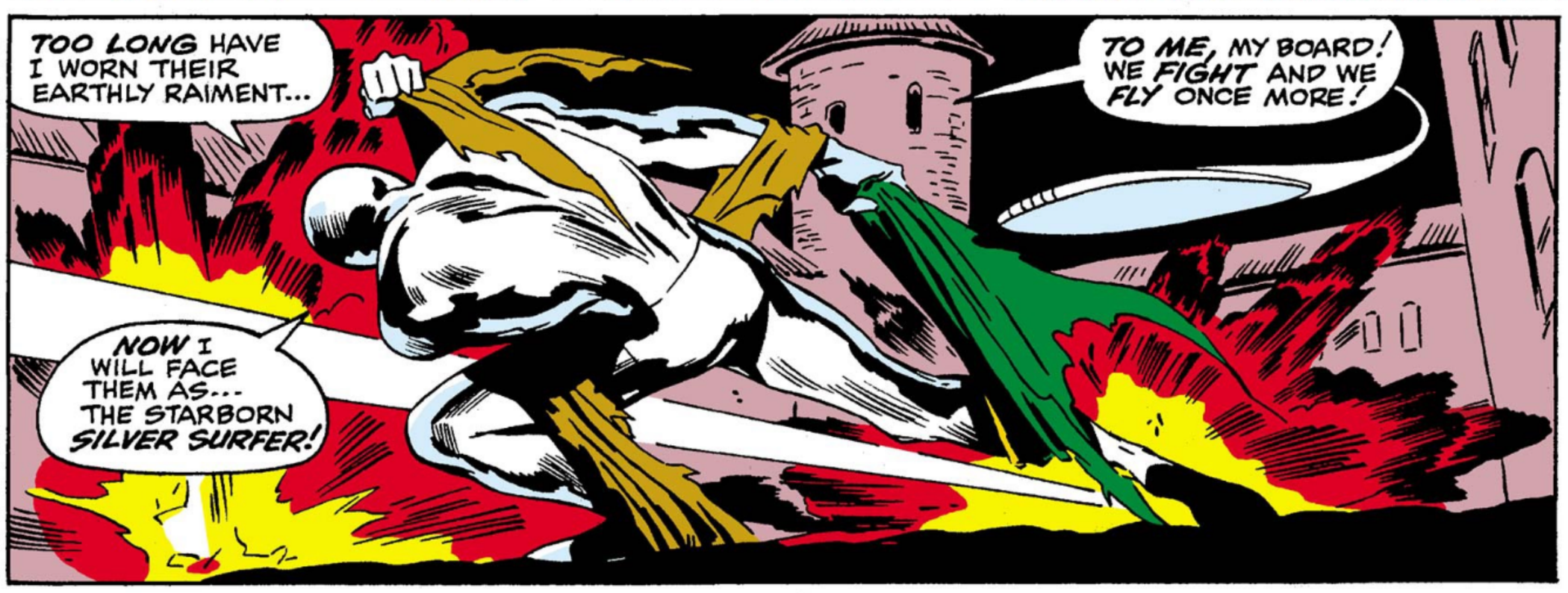

THUS DIE THE ENEMIES OF THE LIBERATING OCCUPATION FORCES!

THE SHELLS... THEY DID NOT EVEN STRIKE HIM!
IT IS AS THOUGH... HE IS SURROUNDED... BY AN UNSEEN FIELD OF MAGIC FORCE!


HUMANS! THOUGH THEY WALK LIKE MEN... THEIR WORLD IS A FANTASY OF INFANTS!
NOW... WHILE HE IS UNAWARE!


HE STILL LIVES!
BUT HE HAS BEEN WEAKENED! NOW WE CAN FINISH HIM FOR GOOD!
IF FORCE IS ALL THEY UNDERSTAND...


...THEN THAT IS THE LANGUAGE NORRID RADD SHALL SPEAK!

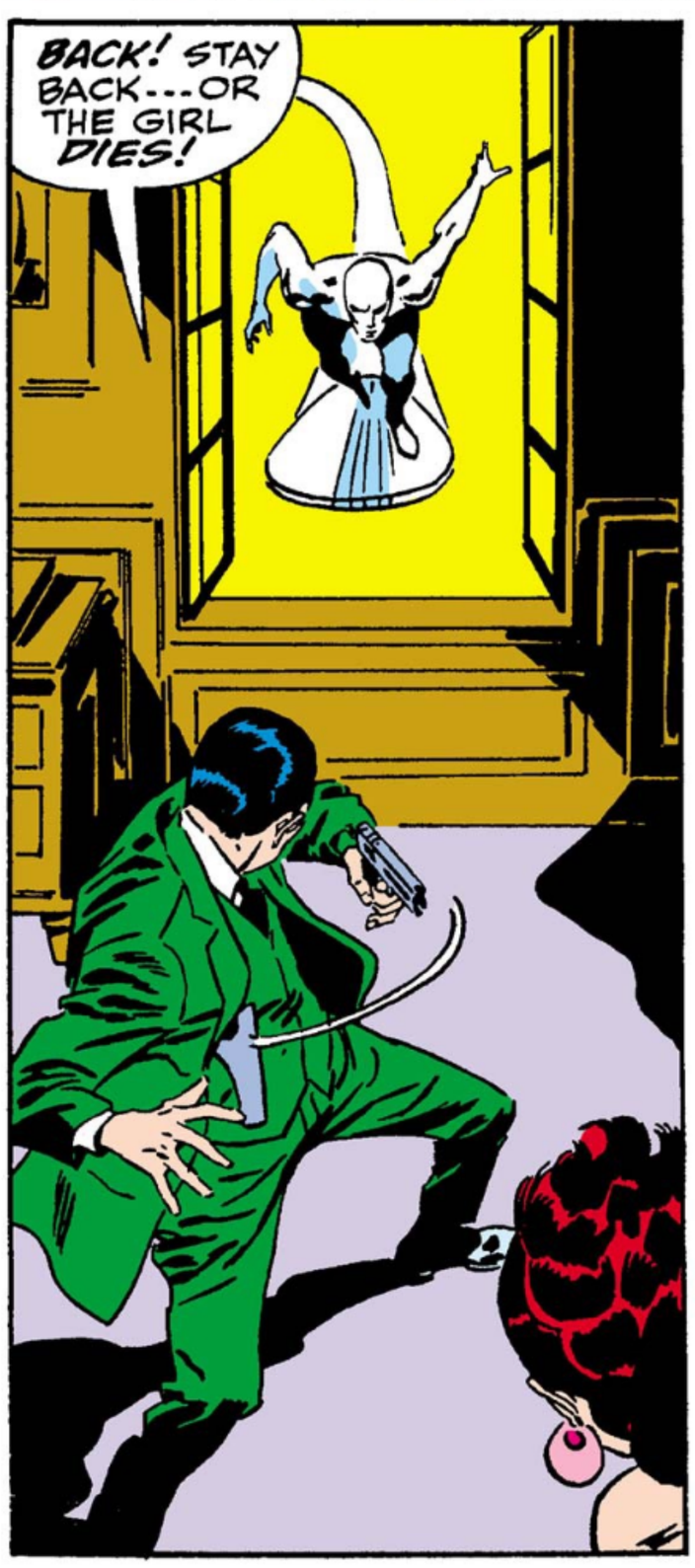

TOO LONG HAVE I WORN THEIR EARTHLY RAIMENT...
TO ME, MY BOARD! WE FIGHT AND WE FLY ONCE MORE!
NOW I WILL FACE THEM AS... THE STARBORN SILVER SURFER!

AT LAST I KNOW HOW EARTHMEN DIFFER FROM RATIONAL BEINGS...

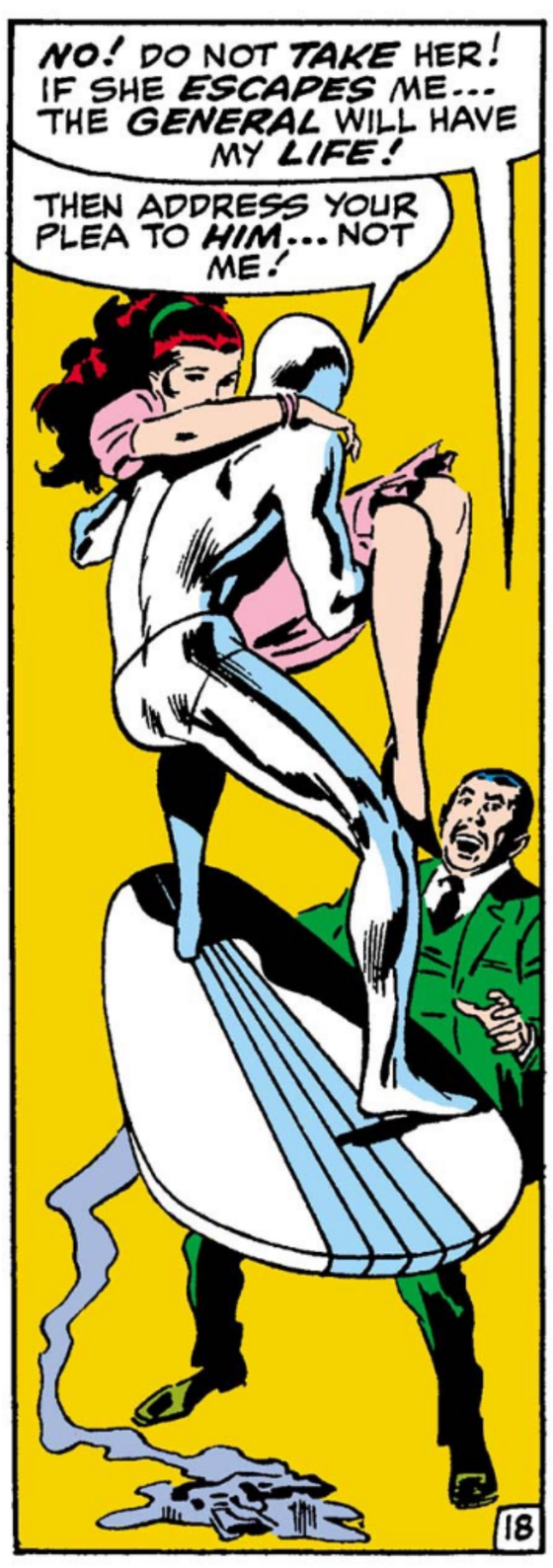
THEY THINK PEACE DENOTES WEAKNESS...
...AND SAVAGERY STRENGTH!
AND NONE BUT THEIR VERY YOUNG... OR VERY OLD...
KNOW THE TRUE MEANING OF... LOVE!

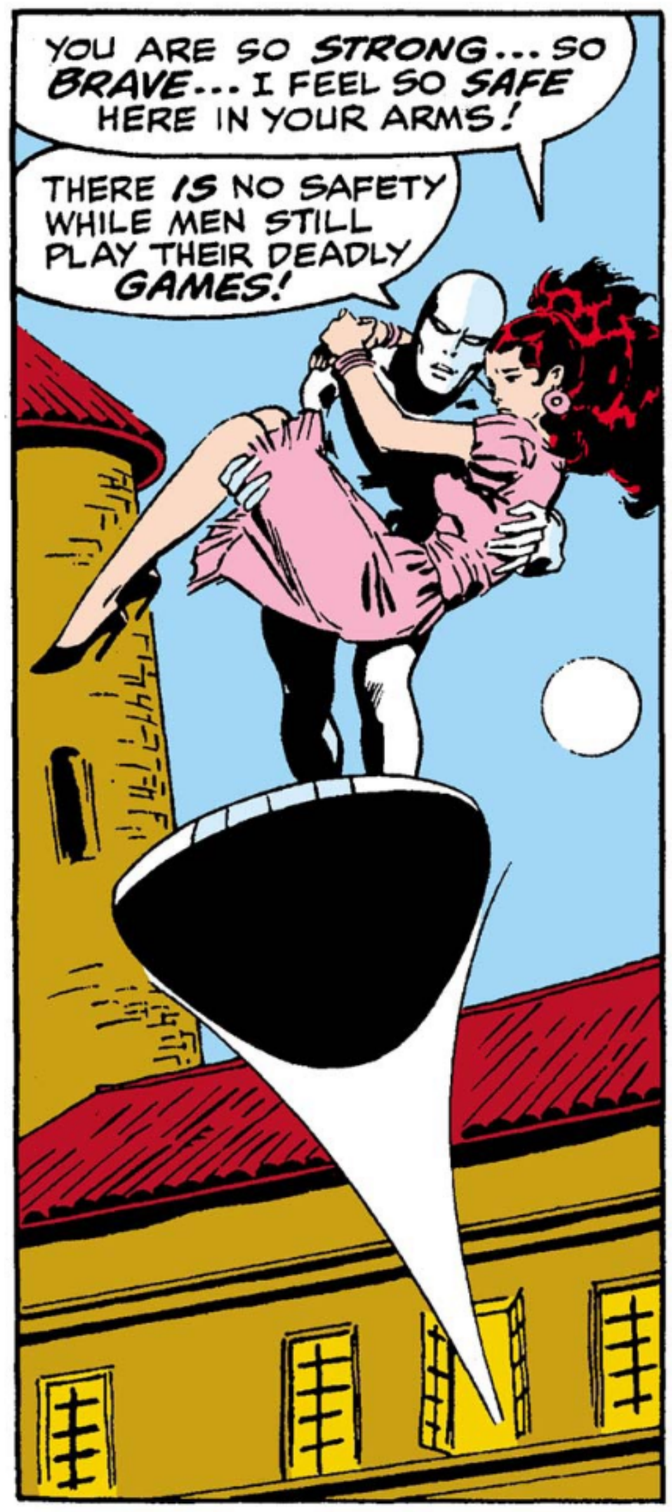
WHILE, WITHIN THE GRIM, GREY FORTRESS...
YOU CANNOT KILL US ALL! WE WILL SOME DAY REVOLT AND--
SILENCE! WHAT IS THAT NOISE OUTSIDE?

NO! NO!
IT CANNOT BE! IT CANNOT..!
HE HAS COME! I AM SAVED!

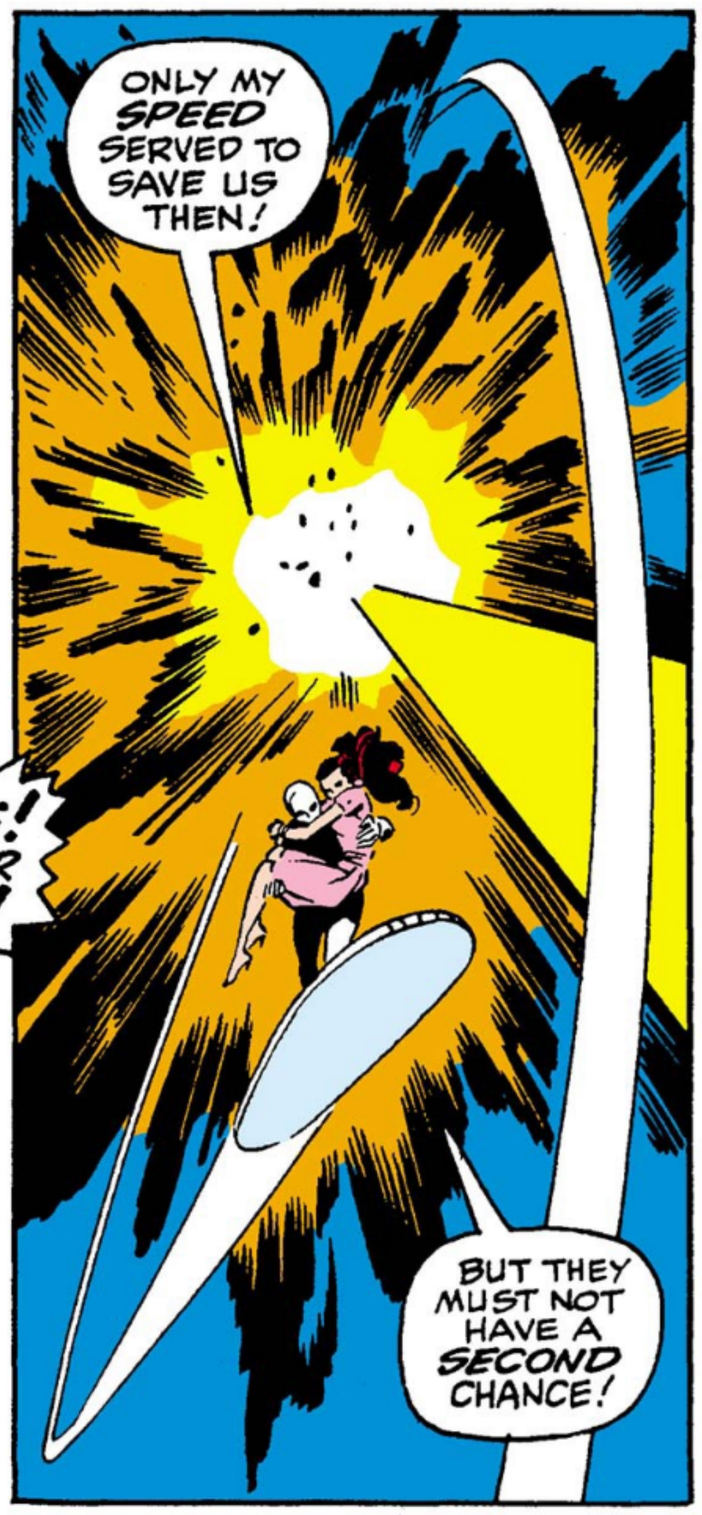

BACK! STAY BACK...OR THE GIRL DIES!

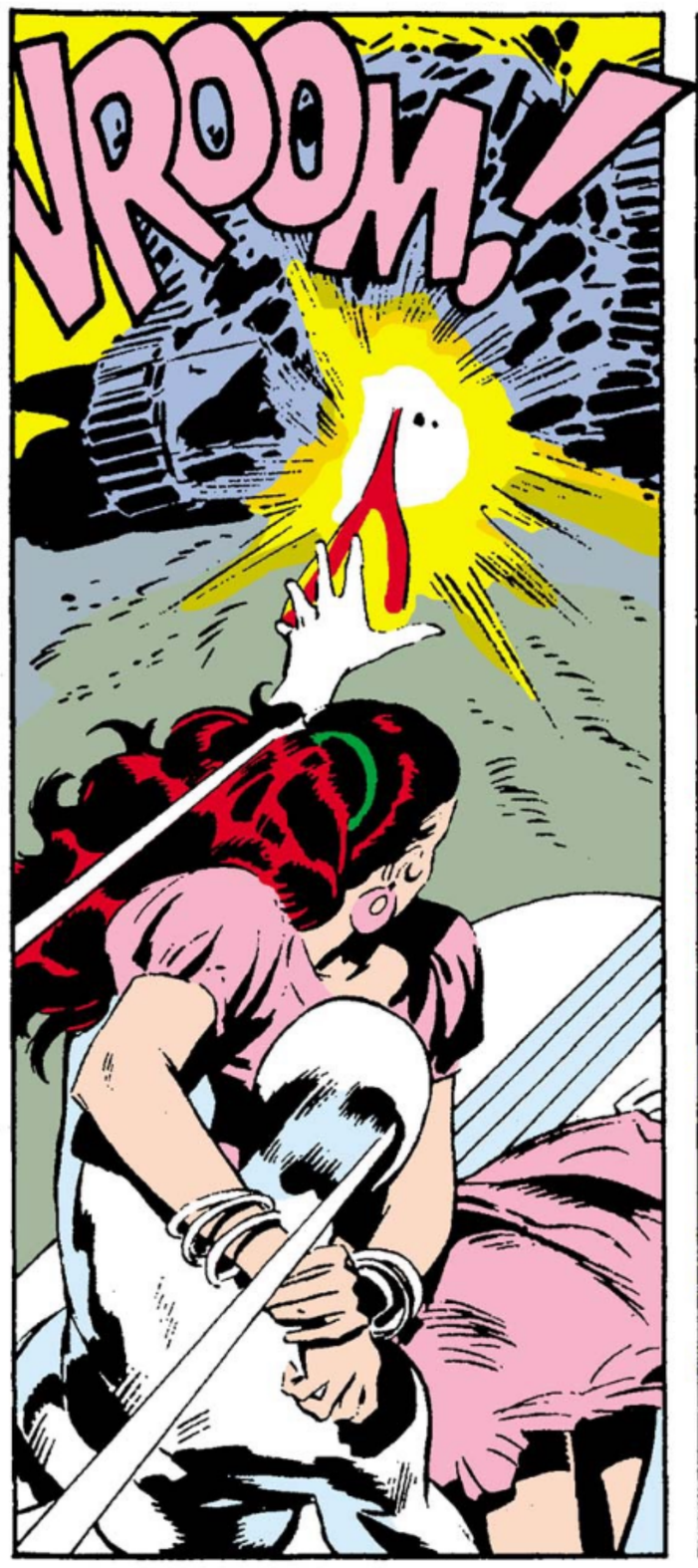
THREATS! THREATS! MUST ALL MEN THREATEN?
IS IT ANTI-HUMAN TO APPEAL TO REASON?


NO! DO NOT TAKE HER! IF SHE ESCAPES ME... THE GENERAL WILL HAVE MY LIFE!
THEN ADDRESS YOUR PLEA TO HIM... NOT ME!


YOU ARE SO STRONG... SO BRAVE... I FEEL SO SAFE HERE IN YOUR ARMS!
THERE IS NO SAFETY WHILE MEN STILL PLAY THEIR DEADLY GAMES!

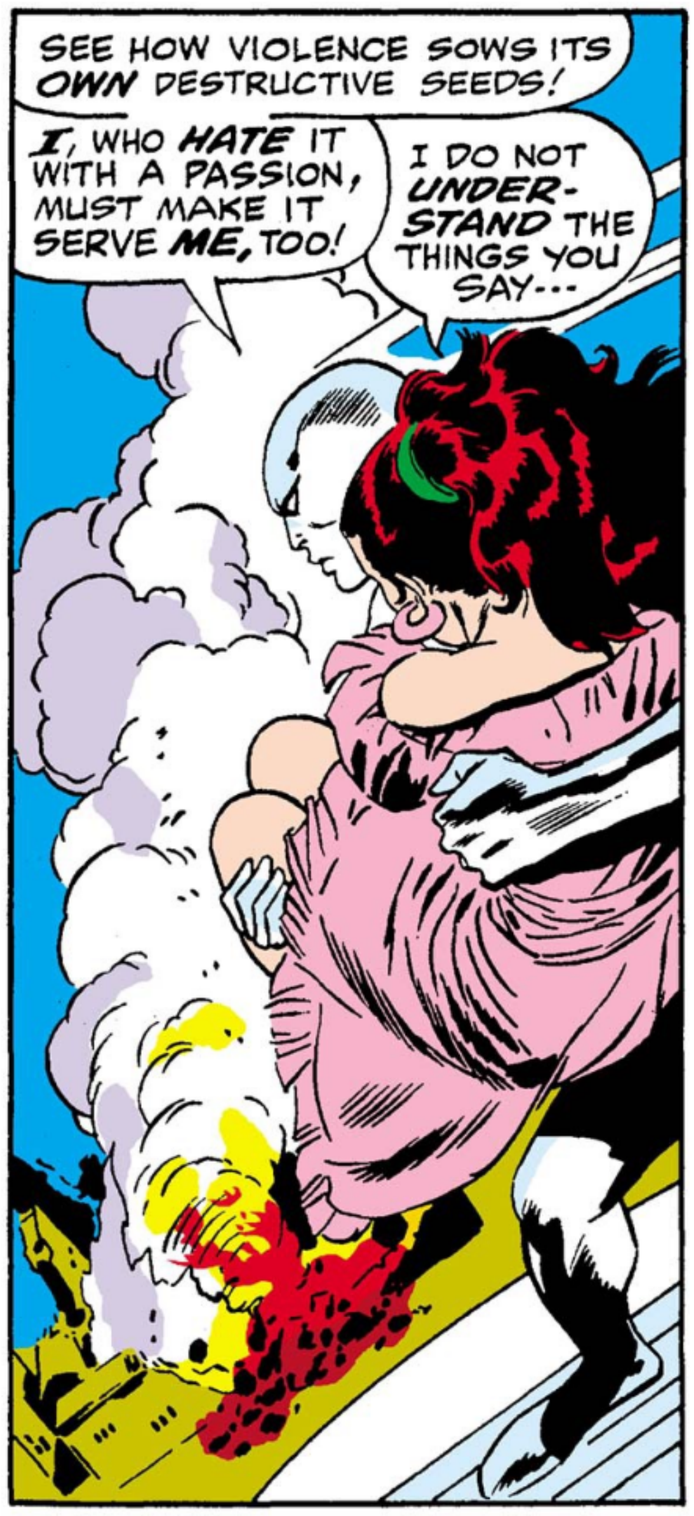
AUTOMATIC SCANNER HAS TARGET SUBJECT IN RANGE!
THEN FIRE! THE SURFER MUST DIE!


ONLY MY SPEED SERVED TO SAVE US THEN!
BUT THEY MUST NOT HAVE A SECOND CHANCE!


VROOM!

I WILL DESTROY THE PLACES WHERE THEY STORE THEIR ARMS...

... AND DENY THEM THEIR FORTI-FICATIONS!



NEXT: O, BITTER VICTORY!

WHO SPEAKS FOR THE SURFER?!

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP, 625 MADISON AVE. N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Dear Stan and John,

In the SILVER SURFER #7, a much-avoided issue was brought up in the letters page, and it is noteworthy. Someone complained about editorializing in the comics, especially in the SS. The topic was minorities.

It was said it "really doesn't concern you as comic publishers". This is fatally incorrect. True, a comic is a fantasy media. But, once you finish a comic, are you to go on the outside, believing things such as racism don't exist? Just the same, should you show stories with people walking around, ignorant of basic facts of life, no matter how terrible? Being ignorant of an evil is about the same as supporting it.

The comic is a unique thing; both young and old read it. Is it bad if children are taught that people can hate others for ridiculous reasons? Is it bad if an adult is reminded, just once more, that we don't have a perfect world, that people *do* suffer, and that it *can* be helped?

Nobody is asking you to tell fables; don't get on a box and preach. Your stories are still fantasy, good fantasy. But, how can it be wrong . . . if you're trying to build a better world? Let the readers answer this.

Charles Swift, 4718 N. 9th St.
Philadelphia, Penn. 19141

That's something they'll be only too glad to do, Charles . . . and indeed, something that they *have* been doing for quite a few issues now, both in SILVER SURFER and in the pages of many of our other magazines.

Dear Stan (and Jack, and Don, and Jim, and John, and Gene, and . . .)

I must confess that when you first announced that the SILVER SURFER was going to get his own mag, I was somewhat upset. No matter how I looked at it, I couldn't see any way to convert that mysterious herald of Galactus from a supporting to a major character.

Now, however, we've had five issues of the Sky-Rider (Sky-Rider? What ever happened to Sentinel?) of the Spaceways, which I now consider to be the best magazine on the stands. Buscema and Sinnott were good, but Buscema and Buscema are tremendous. I don't know whether it is because they are brothers, and thereby work well together, or whether Sal's great inking and John's even greater artwork would work well, no matter how they were teamed up. Probably the latter.

Also, Stan has been writing some of the greatest scripts I've ever seen for the Surfer. His latest issue, with the Stranger, will be one of my favorites from now on. Your minorities are not minorities as such, but real people, which sooner or later people will have to realize. The final tribute to Al Harper is really something to remember.

Again, thanks. As long as you continue to produce mags like this, I'll keep reading. Loren MacGregor, 1020 NE 89
Seattle, Wash. 98115

And as long as fans like you keep writing, Loren, we'll have the greatest incentive in the world to keep producing mags like SILVER SURFER #5 — even if we'll be doing 'em in 15¢ size from now on.

By the way, as Dapper Dan Adkins' inking of this little epic should prove, you were dead right about the brothers Buscema; each of them is a titanic talent in his own right. And if you don't believe it, pick up the current ish of THE AVENGERS, and take a wide-eyed peek at one of brother Sal's first comic-mag penciling jobs! Talk about Great Moments in Comics . . . this is where they're at, friend!

Dear Stan, John, and Bull Pen-sioners,

This morning I was surprised to find the SILVER SURFER SPECIAL #5 on sale; and on purchasing a copy I immediately rushed off to dismiss my Tuesday morning English Comp. class. What else? . . . It looks bad for the instructor to sit there, ignoring his class and reading a comic book all period . . . especially if you refuse to share the thing before at least 5 or 8 readings, like I do.

The SURFER Specials represent, I think, a high-water mark in comics to date, bar none. John has only recently come to his full capability, and it is fitting that he should be the artist to develop one of Jack's greatest inventions. In fact, he might do the same for more than one . . . is there any chance of Stan, Jack, and whatever *Powers That Be* letting John have a crack at the INHUMANS (which I keep hearing rumors of, to the effect that it is about to become a regular independent publication on its own — Hear! Hear! *I'LL* buy copies of it . . .) Look how magnificentiy he did Asgard in SURFER #4.

The only further thing I have to say is about myself. I am a rabid fan of yours, especially when you turn out your really excellent work; and I have done some writing in the adventure and science-fiction fields. (A word about my background: I am B.A., Honors, *cum laude*, in English Literature, and History from Brandeis U.; also, M.A., Honors, (with a thesis on an inter-disciplinary topic involving 18th Century novelists — especially Sterne — and structural linguistics to analyze syntax) from Columbia U.; I have been a systems programmer and software designer in commercial banking systems and am now studying towards a B.E.E. degree in computer design, as well as to meet requirements for acceptance as a graduate fellow in neurophysiology at Stanford U.

Well, that's about it for now. It's back to work for me.

Pieter Zko. Sajovic, 19 Brookline St.
Cambridge, Mass. 02139

***Back* to work, Pieter? From that list of credits you laid on us, it doesn't sound as if you've ever stopped — except perhaps long enough to read an issue of SILVER SURFER. And, confidentially, we hope that you get that B.E.E. degree as soon as possible — so that you can find the time to purchase a couple of *other* of our humble titles as well.**

As for your query concerning the ineffable Inhumans, it's true that we plan to put them into their own mag at some (we hope) early date — but right now we're up to our surfboards in the books that we *already* put out. Still, one of these days, when King Kirby (or maybe Big John B.) is far enough ahead on his regular features, and Stan figures a way to squeeze a twenty-fifth hour into a day, and the wind is right . . . !

Dear Stan and John,

The latest SILVER SURFER, as usual, was great!! But, in the words of you, Stan, in AVENGERS #25, on page 2 panel 5, you spoke of the paradox of time. You said that if something in the past was altered, it would change the course of the events in the future. So, if the Silver Surfer destroyed the atomic research center before the Overlord was created, his memory would be completely erased because he never experienced his ordeal with the Overlord. My warning — don't play with time in your mags, because it (as my letter probably has too!) raises more questions than answers. So, in the words of the Silver Surfer, "My girdle is killing me!"

Thomas Lane, 35 So. Turnpike Rd.
Wallingford, Conn. 06492

You're definitely correct about our perplexing problems with the time paradox, Tom. In fact, that's the major reason why merry Marvel presents so *few* time-travel stories: after all, no one can *really* be certain what would happen to a time-traveler, even provided that such a feat is possible — which many eminent scientists doubt.

But — forget time-travel stories *completely*? Sorry, lad, but your Bullpen can resist anything but temptation, and from time to time (whoops!) we'll just have to play H. G. Wells on you. Maybe you could just wear blinders while reading those issues . . . ?